MARVEL

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF INDIANA JONES

WHAT LURKS WITHIN THE TOMB!

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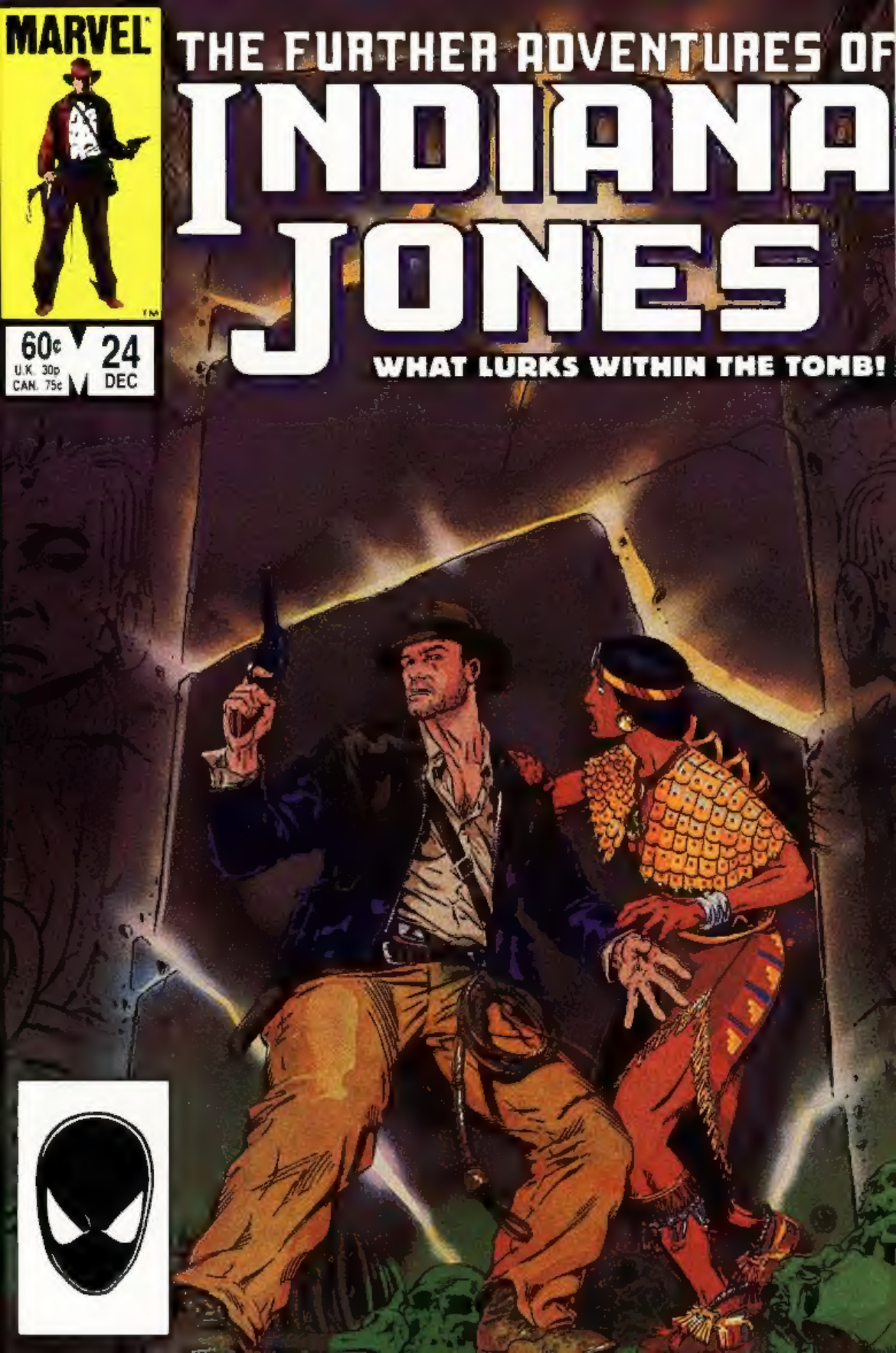
24 DEC



Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF

INDIANA JONES™

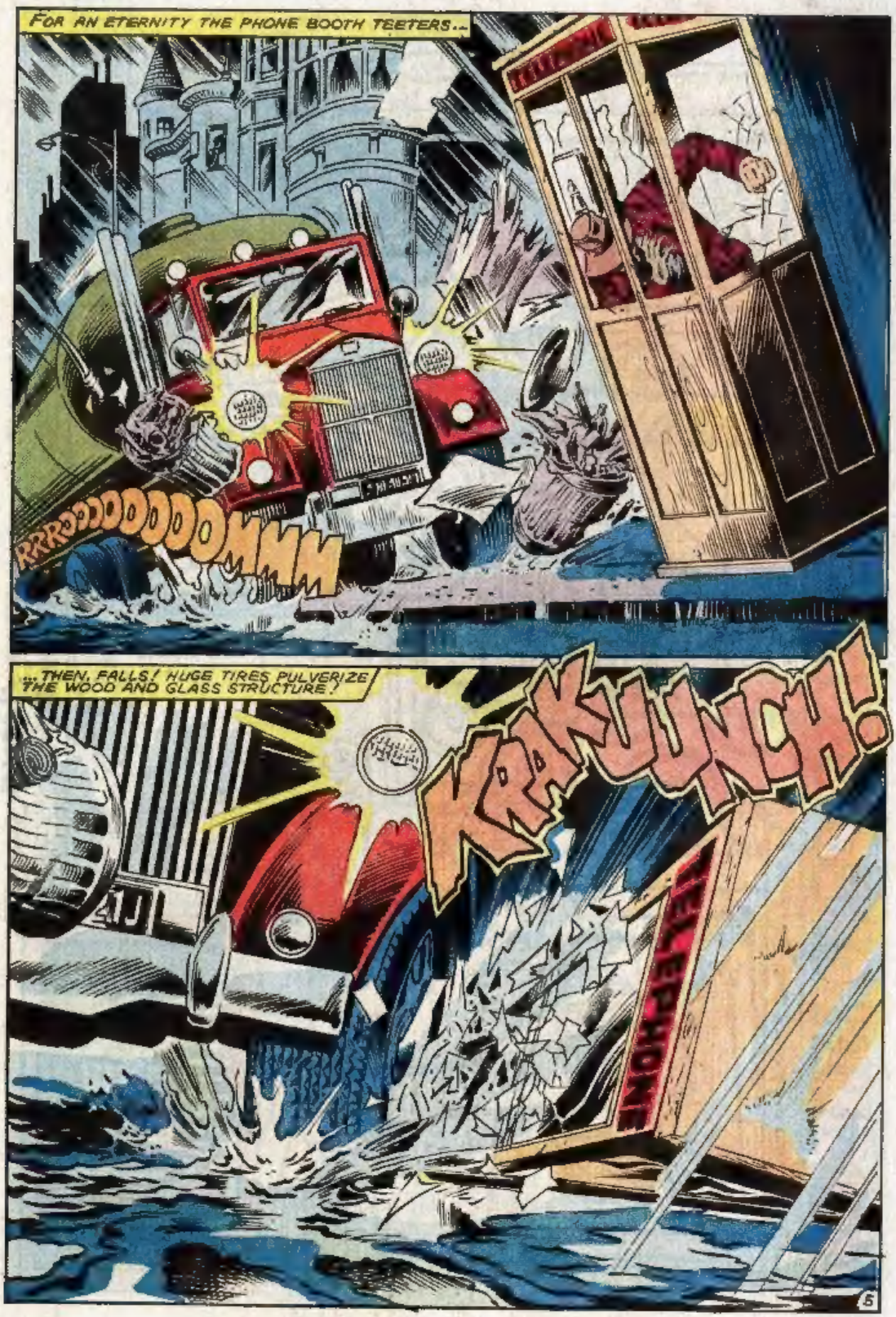
A RAIN-SOAKED STREET IN SAN FRANCISCO DURING THE EARLY 1930'S...
OUT HERE IN FRISCO ON A TWO WEEK LEAVE OF ABSENCE FROM THE NATIONAL MUSEUM... I NEEDED THE BREAK. JUST ONE MORE BIT OF BUSINESS BEFORE I HEAD FOR HOME.
WHY WOULD THAT SLEEZE-BALL, REEKO, WANT TO SEE ME, ANYWAY? SAID HE HAD SOME INFORMATION THAT WOULD MAKE MY DAY.
A MILESTONE, I THINK HE SAID. THE ONLY STONE YOU GET HANGING AROUND A GUY LIKE HIM IS A HEADSTONE.
HE'S ONE HECKAVA GOOD EPIGRAPHER*, BUT YOU CAN'T TRUST HIM. HE'LL STEAL YOU BLIND... SELL WHAT HE KNOWS TO SOME OTHER ARCHAEOLOGICAL TEAM... ALWAYS PLAYING BOTH ENDS AGAINST THE MIDDLE.
* THAT MEMBER OF AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL TEAM WHO DECIPHERS, INTERPRETS, AND CLASSIFIES ANCIENT INSCRIPTIONS. PSEUDO-INTELLECTUAL RALPH.

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF INDIANA JONES™ Vol. 1, No. 34, December, 1984 issue. Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP. James E. Galton, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Vice-President, Publishing. Milton Schiffman, Vice-President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Published monthly. TM & © Lucasfilm Ltd. (LFL) 1984. All rights reserved. The advertising and editorial material appearing on pages 5, 7, 16, 17, 21, 23, 26, 28, 31, 32, covers 2, 3 & 4 only, copyright ©1984 by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Price 60¢ per copy in the U.S. and 75¢ in Canada. Subscription rate $7.20 for 12 issues. Canada and Foreign, $9.20. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. **POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO INDIANA JONES, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, 10TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at New York, NY and at additional mailing offices.**

I WONDER HOW LONG IT WILL BE BEFORE IT CATCHES UP TO HIM.
HOW'D HE FIND ME OUT HERE ON THE COAST, ANYWAY?
COME TO THINK OF IT, WHEN I TALKED TO MY BUDDY MARCUS FROM THE MUSEUM ON THE PHONE, HE SAID I MIGHT HEAR FROM AN OLD FRIEND...
I WAS HOPING HE MEANT MARION.
TOO BAD THE CROWN OF RURICK* TURNED OUT TO BE A FAKE. YOU WIN SOME, YOU LOSE SOME.
*OBTAINED IN LAST ISSUE. R.M.
I GET NERVOUS IN NARROW, DARK, WET, PLACES. MAKES ME...
PSSSSST.
HELLO, REEKO. STILL UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS?
JONES...GOT SOMETHING (COUGH) BIG... VERY BIG. (COUGH) BUT FIRST, I... NEED HELP. I... (COUGH)... JONES, I...
C'MON, REEKO, SPEAK UP. YOU WERE NEVER ONE TO BE STUCK FOR WORDS.
JONES... I (COUGH) COULD YOU HELP... (COUGH, COUGH)
I'VE GOT FIFTY BUCKS WORTH OF HELP FOR YOU, REEKO, IF YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING I COULD USE.
(COUGH) FIFTY... NOT ENOUGH... WORTH MORE... (COUGH)... FIVE HUNDRED...
FIVE HUNDRED! WHAT DO YOU HAVE, REEKO, NOAH'S ARK, ATLANTIS, AND THE HOLY GRAIL ALL WRAPPED UP IN ONE?
JONES (COUGH)... HELP FIRST... PLEASE... GURGLE... ARRGGGH...
2

STORY & BREAKDOWNS · TRIMPE, FINISHES · BULANADI, LETTERS · ALBERS, COLORS · CAROSELLA, EDITOR · MACCHIO, CHIEF · SHOOTER

REEKO, WITH A KNIFE IN HIS BACK...
BBRRING!
BRING!
...AND A PHONE RINGING WITH NOBODY AROUND TO ANSWER...
BRRING!
...EXCEPT ME!
BBRRIINNG!
BBRRIING!
HELLO?
HELLO! WHO'S THERE! HELLO!
RRUUUMMM!
HEADLIGHTS! COMIN' STRAIGHT AT ME!
GOOD LORD! CAN'T BUDGE THE DOORS... SOMETHING TELLS ME I'VE BEEN HAD!
NO USE!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
ONE CHANCE! I'VE GOT TO KNOCK THIS THING OVER!
WUMP!
WUMP!
4

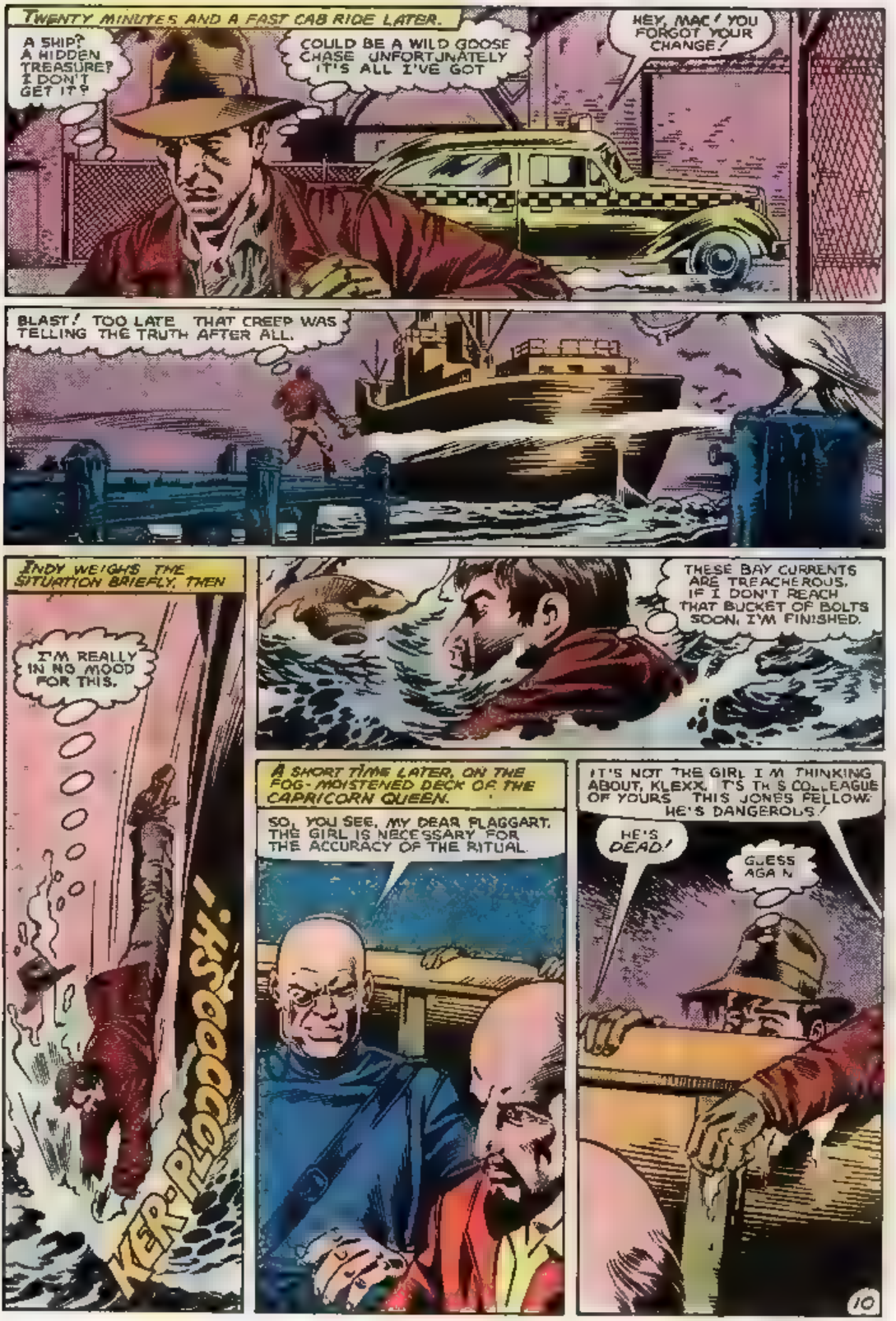

FOR AN ETERNITY THE PHONE BOOTH TEETERS...
RRRRDDDDDDDOOOMMM
...THEN, FALLS! HUGE TIRES PULVERIZE THE WOOD AND GLASS STRUCTURE!
KRAKJUNCH!
TELEPHONE

HAVING QUICKLY USED HIS WITS...
RRRRUU
...INDY EMERGES SAFELY FROM THE TOP HALF OF THE PHONE BOOTH.
CLOSE! VERY CLOSE! SOMEBODY TRIED TO KILL ME!
TELEPHON
REEKO'S ONE THING, BUT WHY ME? I GUESS THEY WEREN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES IN CASE REEKO SPILLED SOMETHING.
HOLD IT! STOP!
NOBODY GETS A FREE SHOT AT ME! I'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT TRUCK!
CAN'T OUTRUN IT. GOT TO CUT IT OFF!
THEY'VE MADE ME CURIOUS...
...AND MAD!
GOTCHA!
6

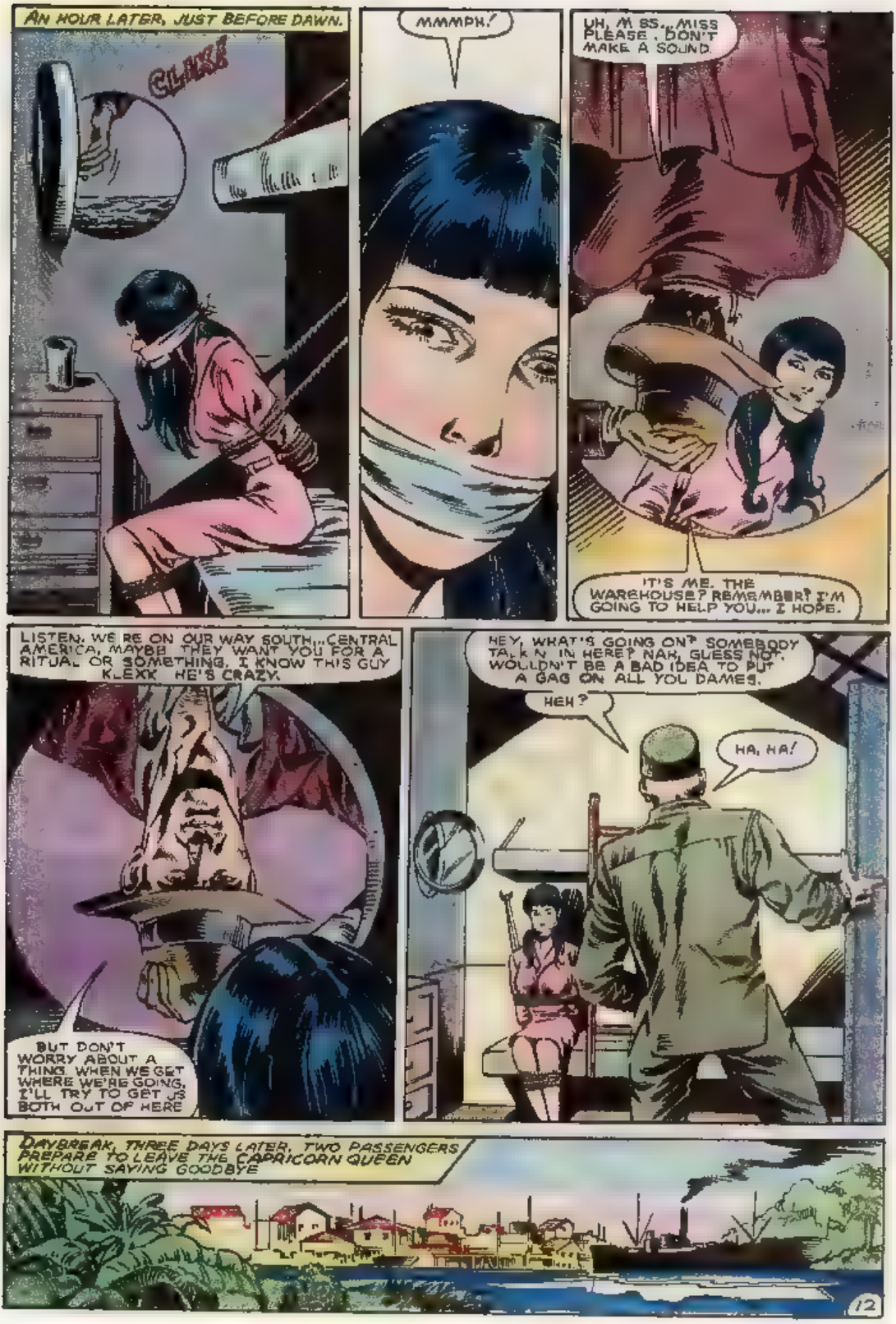
UH, OH! SOMEBODY COMING UP FOR AIR!
HEH, HEH!
TAKE IT EASY, BIG GUY! IT AIN'T EASY GETTING A CAB THIS TIME OF NIGHT!
FWWWT!
UKK!
FUP!
NOW I KILL YOU!
HOLD THAT POSE, FATSO!
SHHHPLAAT!
LOW BRIDGE! EVERYBODY DOWN.

SEVERAL SOGGY BLOCKS LATER, THE TRUCK PULLS INTO AN ENTRANCE RAMP OF A DESERTED FACTORY.
HE'S SLOWING DOWN. I'D BETTER GET OFF.
WE HAD A PASSENGER, BOSS / IT MIGHT'A BEEN JONES. BRONC MUST'VE GOT HIM, BUT HE GOT BRONC.
MOST FORTU-NATE. I THINK IT'S TIME WE LEFT.
LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN HERE.
COULDN'T SEE WHO THE BOSS WAS. LET'S SEE IF I CAN POKE AROUND A BIT AND SHED SOME LIGHT ON THE SITUATION.
CURIOUSER, AND CURIOUSER.
HMMPH! HMPH! UMMM! UMMM!
TAKE IT EASY, LADY, I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE IN A MINUTE.
MMUM! UMPH!
8

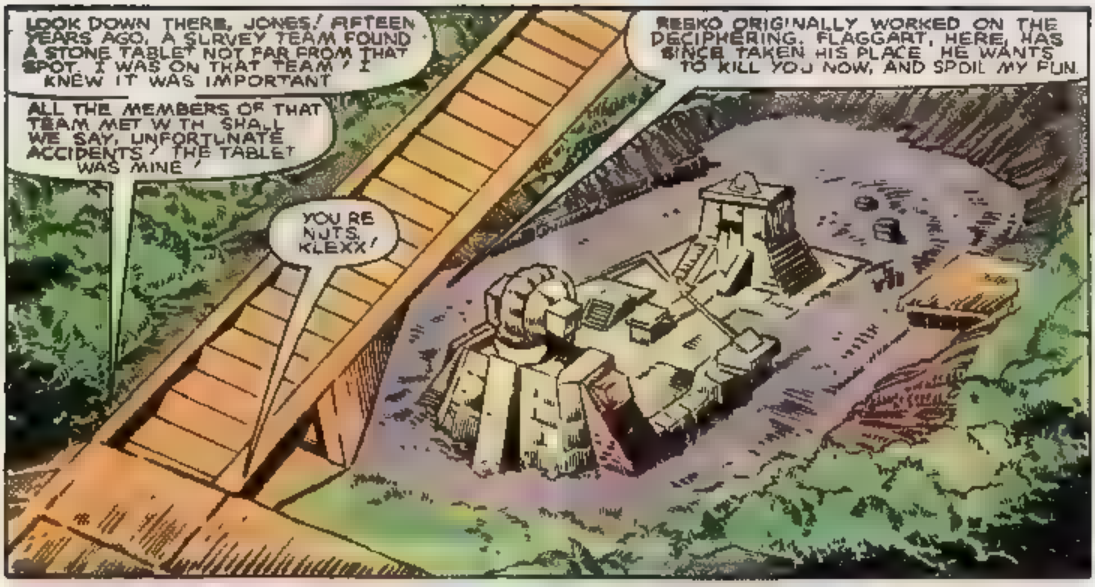
FWAP!
CONSCIOUSNESS DISSOLVES TO BLACK AS INDY TUMBLES UPWARD INTO SPACE.
LATER. THE DAWN OF AWARENESS FINALLY BREAKS.
RISE AN' SHINE, SONNY
STAND UP, BRIGHT BOY. THE BOSS CAN'T STAND TO SEE A MESS, SO'S HE LEFT ME AN' ROSCOE BEHIND TO PUT YOU ON ICE... PERMANENT LIKE.
UNNHH!
SQUUUSH!
NOW TELL ME WHERE YOUR BOSS TOOK THE GIRL, OR ROSCOE, HERE, IS GOING TO START TALKING, AND YOU'LL BE DOING THE LISTENING!
OKAY, OKAY! DON'T SHOOT! I'LL TELL YA!
9

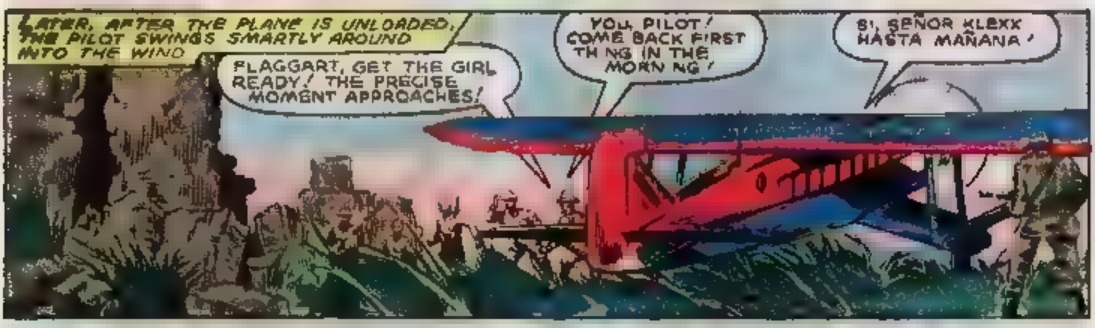

TWENTY MINUTES AND A FAST CAB RIDE LATER.
A SHIP? A HIDDEN TREASURE? I DON'T GET IT?
COULD BE A WILD GOOSE CHASE UNFORTUNATELY IT'S ALL I'VE GOT
HEY, MAC! YOU FORGOT YOUR CHANGE!
BLAST! TOO LATE THAT CREEP WAS TELLING THE TRUTH AFTER ALL.
INDY WEIGHS THE SITUATION BRIEFLY, THEN
I'M REALLY IN NO MOOD FOR THIS.
KER-PLOOOSH!
THESE BAY CURRENTS ARE TREACHEROUS. IF I DON'T REACH THAT BUCKET OF BOLTS SOON, I'M FINISHED.
A SHORT TIME LATER, ON THE FOG-MOISTENED DECK OF THE CAPRICORN QUEEN.
SO, YOU SEE, MY DEAR FLAGGART, THE GIRL IS NECESSARY FOR THE ACCURACY OF THE RITUAL.
IT'S NOT THE GIRL I'M THINKING ABOUT, KLEXX. IT'S THIS COLLEAGUE OF YOURS. THIS JONES FELLOW. HE'S DANGEROUS!
HE'S DEAD!
GUESS AGAIN
10

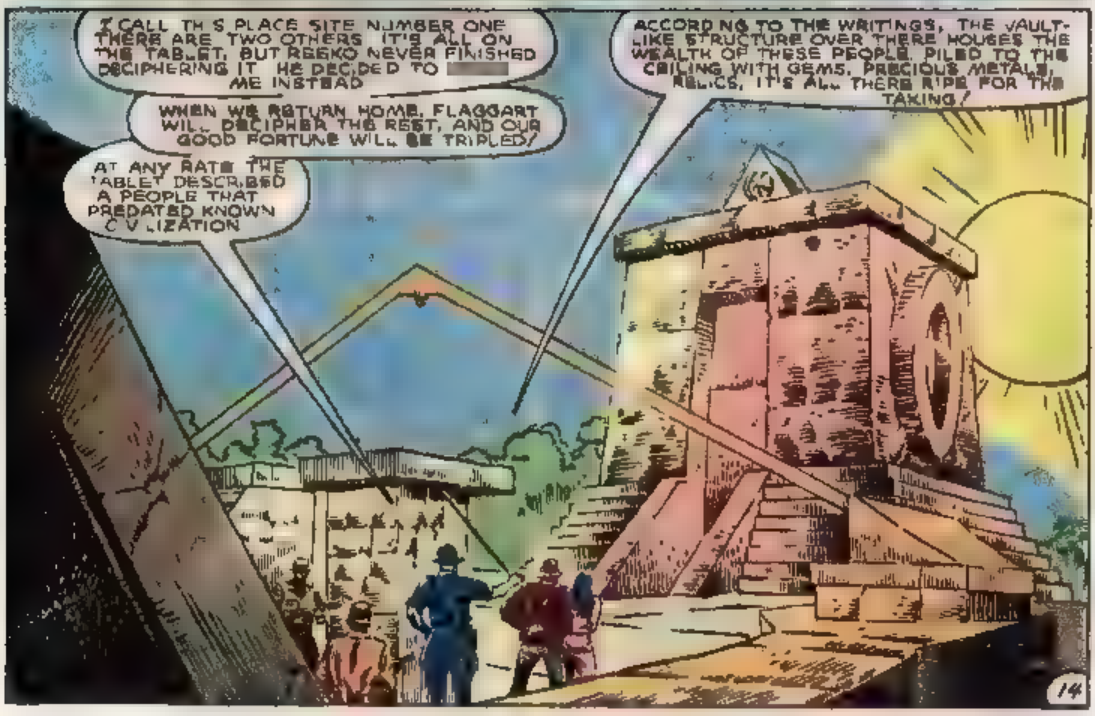
SIGFRIED KLEXX! I THOUGHT SOME AMAZON HEAD-HUNTER CHIEF HAD HIS SHRUNKEN HEAD HANGING ON HIS HUT WALL!
I WOULDN'T COUNT ON IT! I'VE SEEN HIM OPERATE. HE'S GOT MORE LIVES THAN A CHINESE CAT. HE'S
WHAT WAS THAT? DID YOU HEAR THAT?
LISTEN, FLAGGART, YOU'D BETTER RELAX. WE'VE GOT A LONG TRIP AHEAD OF US.
HE'S BUSTED EVERY RULE OFF THE INTERNATIONAL TREATY FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANTIQUITIES..
.. AND HE'S WANTED IN A DOZEN COUNTRIES FOR EVERYTHING FROM PETTY THEFT TO MURDER.
SO FORGET INDIANA JONES. HE CAN'T INTERFERE NOW.
MAYBE SO, KLEXX, BUT SOME THINK OF JONES AS THE GREATEST ARCHAEOLOGIST OF OUR TIME. I CAN'T HELP FEELING THAT WE HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF HIM
I AM THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARCHAEOLOGIST, FLAGGART. I DON'T PLAY BY THE RULES. I PLAY TO WIN. REEKO WORKED FOR ME AND TRIED TO CROSS ME. YOU SEE WHERE IT GOT HIM. JONES TRIED TO HORN IN AND WE CUT HIM DOWN TO SIZE.
THE WAY IS NOW CLEAR FOR US. IN A FEW DAYS WE WILL HAVE IN OUR POSSESSION UNLIMITED WEALTH... AND POWER!

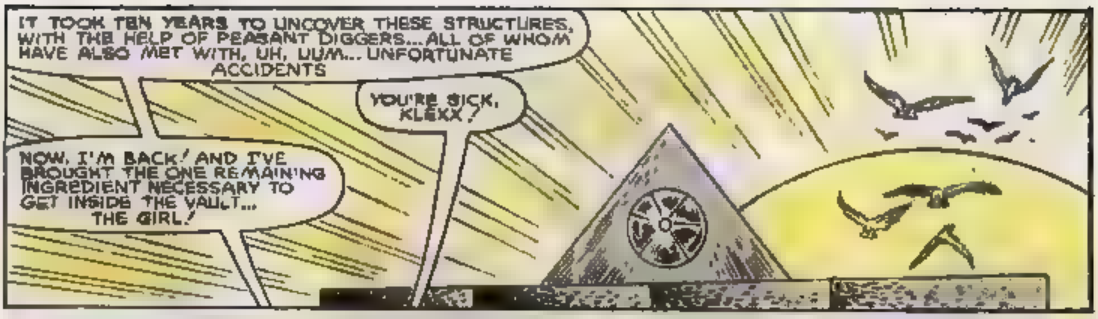

AN HOUR LATER, JUST BEFORE DAWN.
CLICK!
MMMPH!
UH, M'ss... MISS PLEASE . DON'T MAKE A SOUND.
IT'S ME. THE WAREHOUSE? REMEMBER? I'M GOING TO HELP YOU... I HOPE.
LISTEN. WE'RE ON OUR WAY SOUTH... CENTRAL AMERICA, MAYBE. THEY WANT YOU FOR A RITUAL OR SOMETHING. I KNOW THIS GUY KLEXX. HE'S CRAZY.
BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING. WHEN WE GET WHERE WE'RE GOING, I'LL TRY TO GET US BOTH OUT OF HERE.
HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON? SOMEBODY TALKIN' IN HERE? NAH, GUESS NOT. WOULDN'T BE A BAD IDEA TO PUT A GAG ON ALL YOU DAMES.
HEH?
HA, HA!
DAYBREAK, THREE DAYS LATER. TWO PASSENGERS PREPARE TO LEAVE THE CAPRICORN QUEEN WITHOUT SAYING GOODBYE

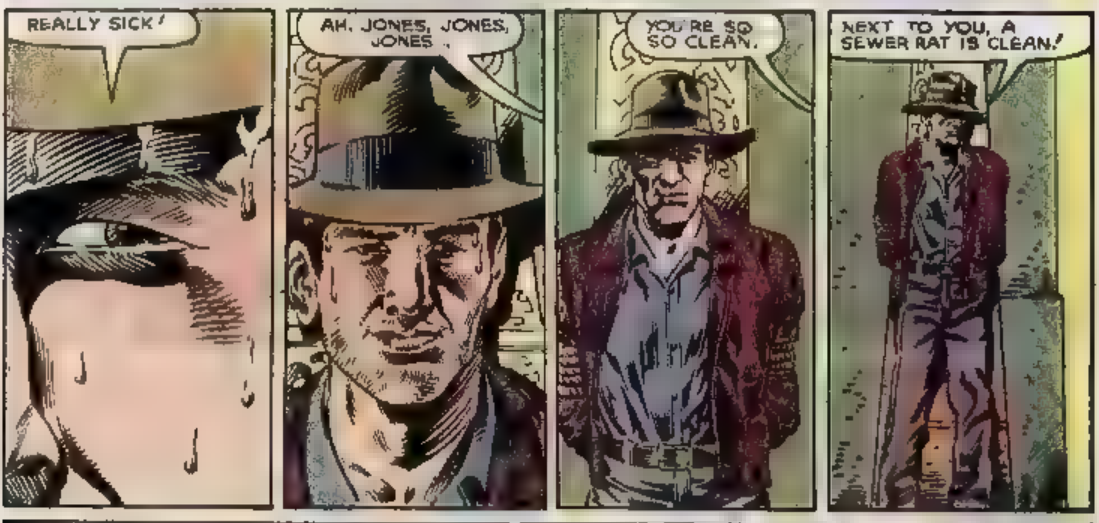
BY THE WAY THE NAME IS JONES
STAY UNDER AS LONG AS YOU CAN AND SWIM LIKE CRAZY!
I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU
(PANT) UH, LORD... WE MADE IT (HUFF) THANKS MISTER JONES. MY NAME IS JULIA VALDEZ
H, JULIA (PUFF) I'VE BEEN IN THE WATER SO MUCH LATELY, (HUFF) I FEEL LIKE I'M GROWING FINS
UH OH!
AH JONES! SURPRISED? I GUESS YOU ALMOST FOXED ME, SAVE FOR ONE DETAIL.
THREE NIGHTS AGO, THE GUARD OUTSIDE MISS VALDEZ'S ROOM THOUGHT HE HEARD VOICES INSIDE WHEN HE OPENED THE DOOR TO CHECK..
..HE NOTICED THE PORT HOLE OPEN. SHE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT SHE WAS BOUND.
I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO FLAGGART
THE FOLLOWING MORNING..
..IN A CHARTERED PLANE

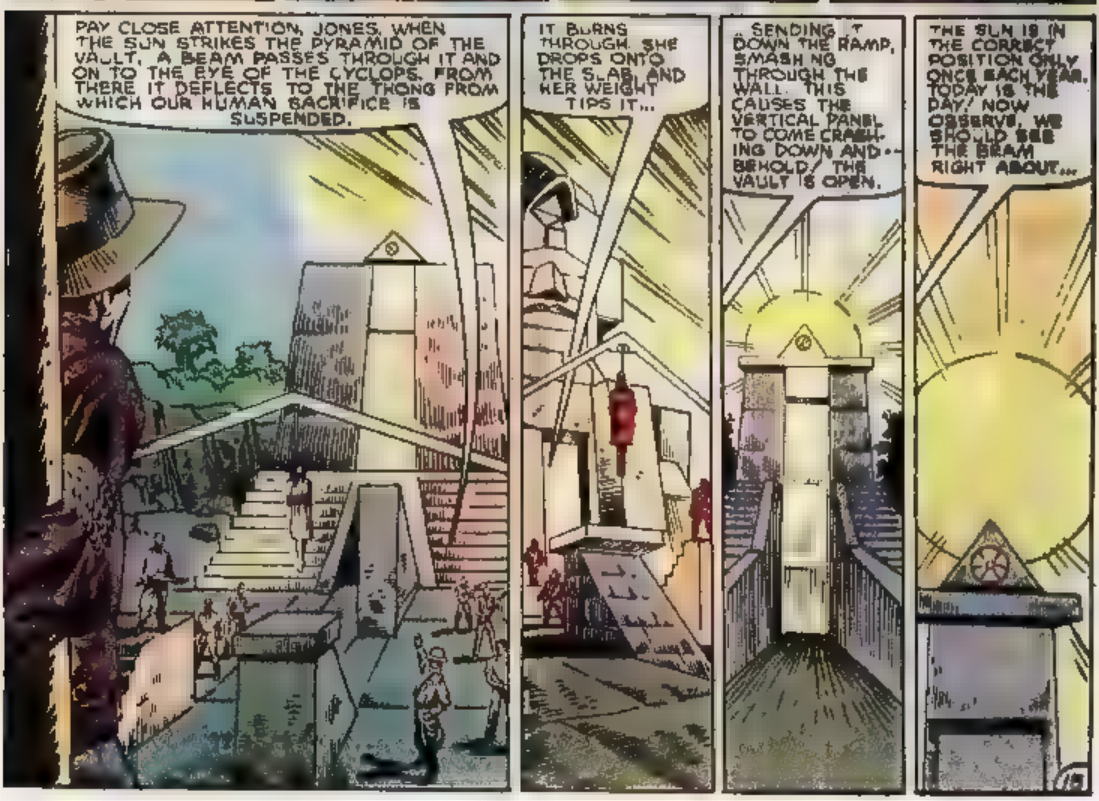

LOOK DOWN THERE, JONES! AFTEEN YEARS AGO, A SURVEY TEAM FOUND A STONE TABLET NOT FAR FROM THAT SPOT. I WAS ON THAT TEAM! I KNEW IT WAS IMPORTANT
ALL THE MEMBERS OF THAT TEAM MET WITH SHALL WE SAY, UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENTS! THE TABLET WAS MINE!
YOU'RE NUTS, KLEXX!
REEKO ORIGINALLY WORKED ON THE DECIPHERING. FLAGGART, HERE, HAS SINCE TAKEN HIS PLACE. HE WANTS TO KILL YOU NOW, AND SPOIL MY FUN.


LATER, AFTER THE PLANE IS UNLOADED, THE PILOT SWINGS SMARTLY AROUND INTO THE WIND.
FLAGGART, GET THE GIRL READY! THE PRECISE MOMENT APPROACHES!
YOU PILOT! COME BACK FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!
SI, SEÑOR KLEXX HASTA MAÑANA!

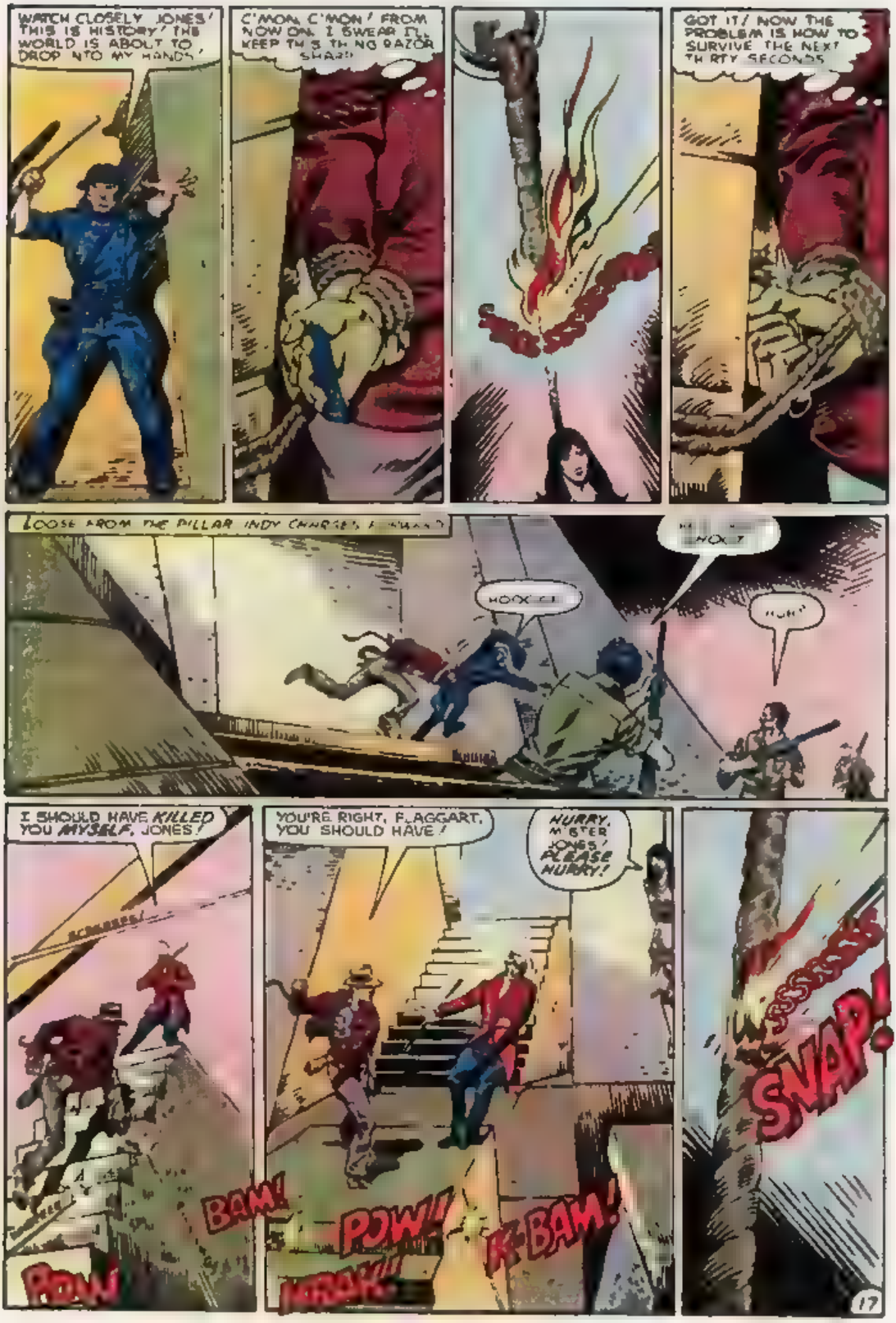

I CALL THIS PLACE SITE NUMBER ONE THERE ARE TWO OTHERS IT'S ALL ON THE TABLET, BUT REEKO NEVER FINISHED DECIPHERING IT HE DECIDED TO [redacted] ME INSTEAD
ACCORDING TO THE WRITINGS, THE VAULT-LIKE STRUCTURE OVER THERE HOUSES THE WEALTH OF THESE PEOPLE. PILED TO THE CEILING WITH GEMS, PRECIOUS METALS, RELICS, IT'S ALL THERE RIPE FOR THE TAKING!
WHEN WE RETURN HOME, FLAGGART WILL DECIPHER THE REST, AND OUR GOOD FORTUNE WILL BE TRIPLED!
AT ANY RATE THE TABLET DESCRIBED A PEOPLE THAT PREDATED KNOWN CIVILIZATION

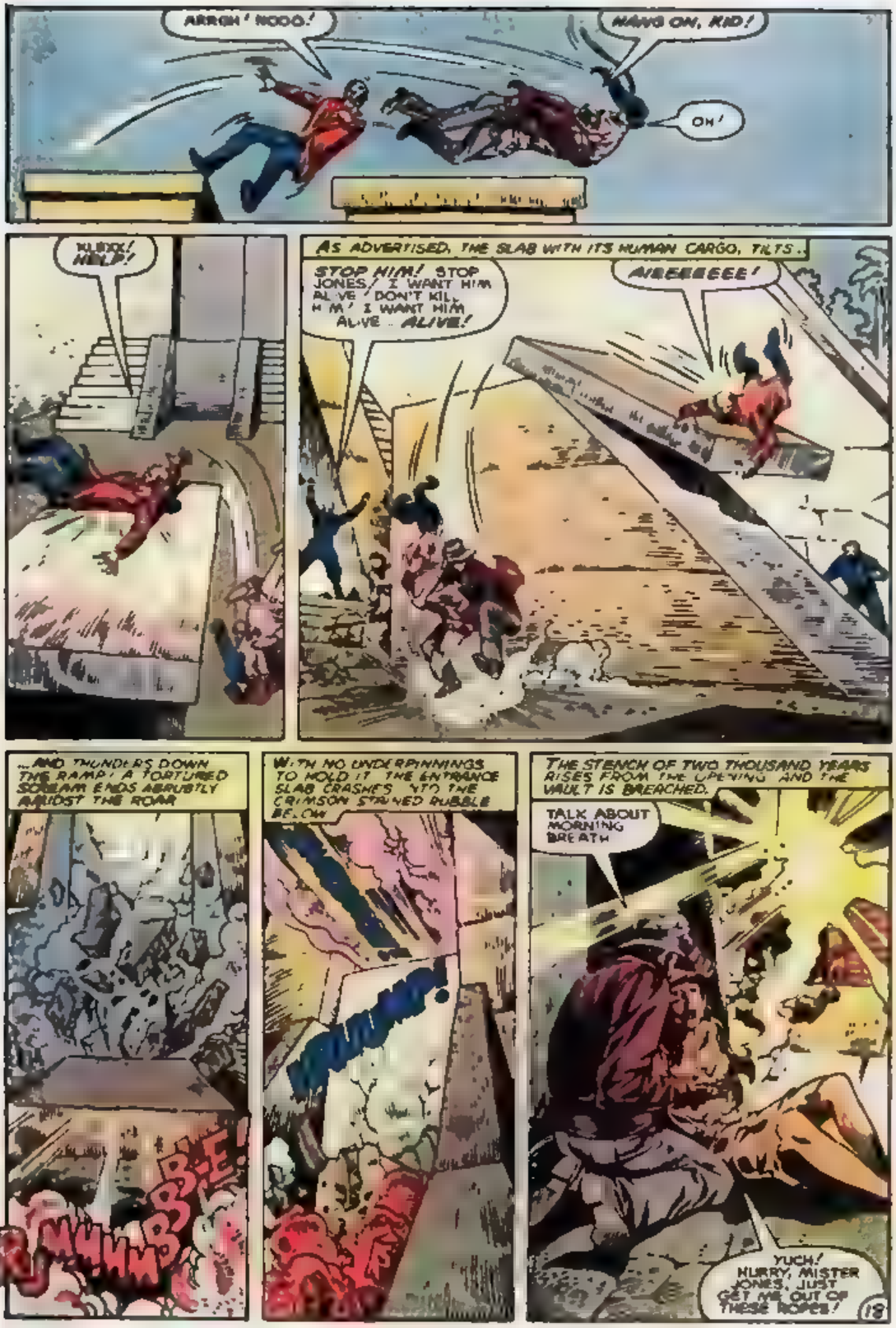

IT TOOK TEN YEARS TO UNCOVER THESE STRUCTURES, WITH THE HELP OF PEASANT DIGGERS... ALL OF WHOM HAVE ALSO MET WITH, UH, UUM... UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENTS
YOU'RE SICK, KLEXX!
NOW, I'M BACK! AND I'VE BROUGHT THE ONE REMAINING INGREDIENT NECESSARY TO GET INSIDE THE VAULT... THE GIRL!

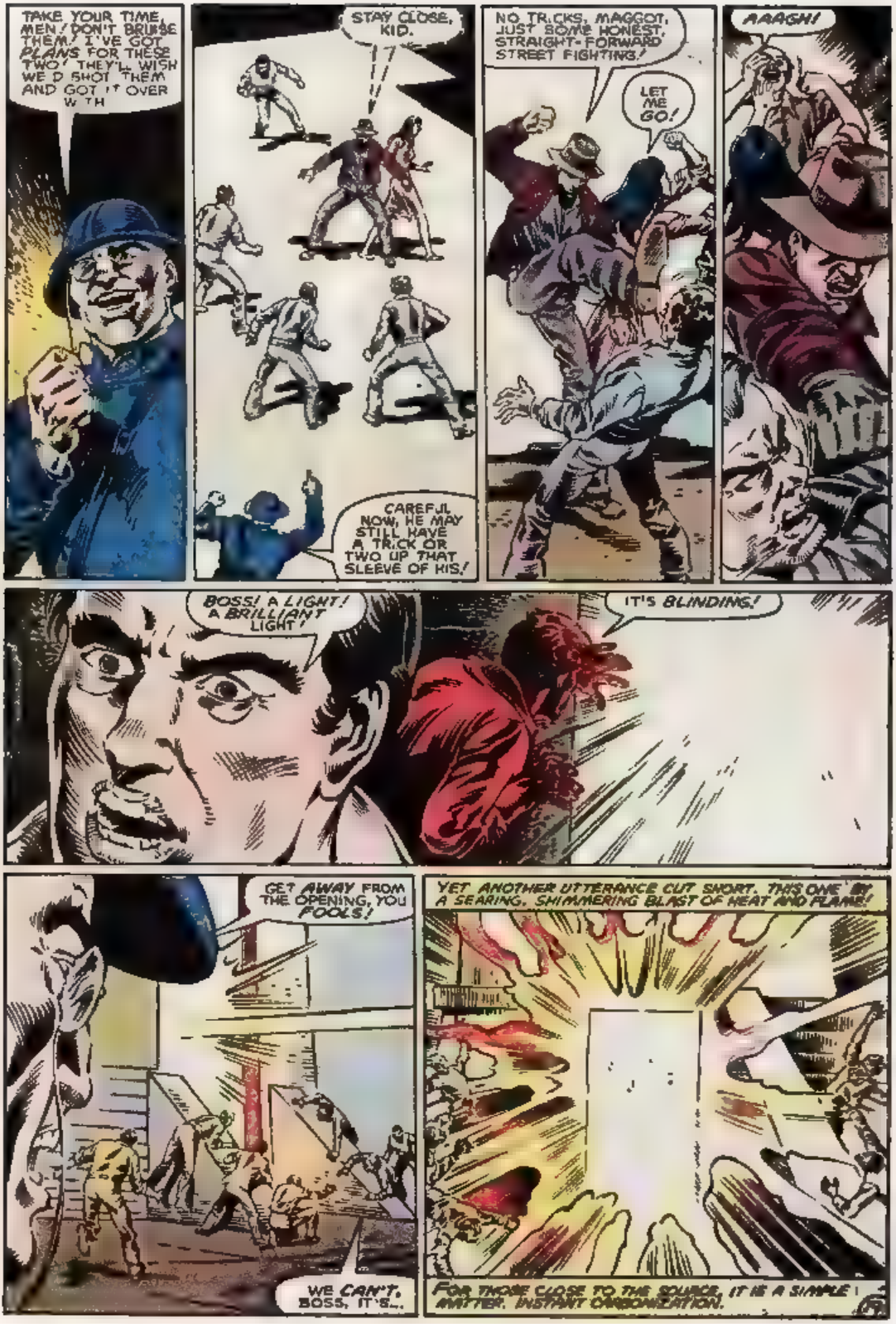

REALLY SICK!
AH, JONES, JONES, JONES...
YOU'RE SO SO CLEAN.
NEXT TO YOU, A SEWER RAT IS CLEAN!


PAY CLOSE ATTENTION, JONES. WHEN THE SUN STRIKES THE PYRAMID OF THE VAULT, A BEAM PASSES THROUGH IT AND ON TO THE EYE OF THE CYCLOPS. FROM THERE IT DEFLECTS TO THE THONG FROM WHICH OUR HUMAN SACRIFICE IS SUSPENDED.
IT BURNS THROUGH. SHE DROPS ONTO THE S..AB AND HER WEIGHT TIPS IT...
...SENDING ...T DOWN THE RAMP, SMASH NG THROUGH THE WALL. THIS CAUSES THE VERTICAL PANEL TO COME CRASH-ING DOWN AND.. BEHOLD! THE VAULT IS OPEN.
THE SUN IS IN THE CORRECT POSITION ONLY ONCE EACH YEAR. TODAY IS THE DAY! NOW OBSERVE, WE SHOULD SEE THE BEAM RIGHT ABOUT...

...NOW!
LOOK, JONES! IT'S PERFECT! IT WORKS! HA HA!
NO! NO!
HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
ONE THING, KLEXX! WHY HER?
I HAVE A PASSION FOR ACCURACY, YOU SEE. THE SACRIFICE MUST BE A FULL-BLOODED IND AN FEMALE INDIGENOUS TO THE AREA. THE TRIBE THAT ONCE INHABITED THE REGION, NO LONGER EXISTS. SHE IS THE NEXT BEST THING. A DIRECT DESCENDANT
IT TOOK MONTHS OF RESEARCH TO FIND HER!
YOU'RE A REAL PERFECTIONIST, KLEXX!
GOT TO GET MY POCKET KNIFE
HAH! NOW THE TRICK IS NOT TO DROP IT
SSSSSSSS
16


WATCH CLOSELY, JONES! THIS IS HISTORY! THE WORLD IS ABOUT TO DROP INTO MY HANDS!
C'MON, C'MON! FROM NOW ON, I SWEAR I'LL KEEP THIS THING RAZOR SHARP!
GOT IT! NOW THE PROBLEM IS HOW TO SURVIVE THE NEXT THIRTY SECONDS
LOOSE FROM THE PILLAR INDY CHARGES THROUGH
HOOK!!
HOOK!!
HURT!
I SHOULD HAVE KILLED YOU MYSELF, JONES!
SCRAPE!
YOU'RE RIGHT, FLAGGART, YOU SHOULD HAVE!
HURRY, MISTER JONES! PLEASE HURRY!
BAM!
POW!
POW!
K-BAM!
SNAP!
17


ARRGH! NOOO!
HANG ON, KID!
OH!
KLEEK! HELP!
AS ADVERTISED, THE SLAB WITH ITS HUMAN CARGO, TILTS..
STOP HIM! STOP JONES, I WANT HIM ALIVE! DON'T KILL HIM! I WANT HIM ALIVE.. ALIVE!
AIEEEEEEE!
...AND THUNDERS DOWN THE RAMP! A TORTURED SCREAM ENDS ABRUPTLY AMIDST THE ROAR
RUMMBLE!
WITH NO UNDERPINNINGS TO HOLD IT THE ENTRANCE SLAB CRASHES INTO THE CRIMSON STAINED RUBBLE BELOW
THE STENCH OF TWO THOUSAND YEARS RISES FROM THE OPENING AND THE VAULT IS BREACHED.
TALK ABOUT MORNING BREATH
YUCH! HURRY, MISTER JONES, JUST GET ME OUT OF THESE ROPES!
18


TAKE YOUR TIME, MEN! DON'T BRUISE THEM! I'VE GOT PLANS FOR THESE TWO! THEY'LL WISH WE'D SHOT THEM AND GOT IT OVER WITH
STAY CLOSE, KID.
CAREFUL NOW, HE MAY STILL HAVE A TRICK OR TWO UP THAT SLEEVE OF HIS!
NO TRICKS, MAGGOT, JUST SOME HONEST, STRAIGHT-FORWARD STREET FIGHTING!
LET ME GO!
AAAGH!
BOSS! A LIGHT! A BRILLIANT LIGHT!
IT'S BLINDING!
GET AWAY FROM THE OPENING, YOU FOOLS!
WE CAN'T, BOSS, IT'S...
YET ANOTHER UTTERANCE CUT SHORT, THIS ONE BY A SEARING, SHIMMERING BLAST OF HEAT AND FLAME!
FOR THOSE CLOSE TO THE SOURCE, IT IS A SIMPLE MATTER. INSTANT CREMATION.

Bullpen Bulletins

On Monday, June 4, 1984, Sol Brodsky passed away.

Most of you probably never heard of him, or, if you did, very likely you didn't pay much attention. Sol didn't spend a lot of effort trying to get headlines, or fighting to get his name bigger in the credits. He was too busy getting things *done*, invariably on time and under budget, so that someone else could get the glory.

Typically, at this point in one of these things, the writer launches into a long and thoroughly boring list of the many behind-the-scenes contributions of the deceased. Forget it. There isn't enough room here, or in a thousand of these columns. Besides, I think Sol would want this short and sweet (and on time, and under budget). Suffice it to say, therefore, that he was one of the all-time biggies in this industry. Sure, he was Stan Lee's right hand during the early years here, but he was no mere backstage helper-outer / man-Friday, you understand. He was a force. A shaper. A builder.

He did a lot to help get us — the comics biz — this far.

Now he's gone. We'll remember him, of course, because of what he did — but more, because of the way he did it. He was a fine, fine man.

Jim Shooter

SOL BRODSKY
1923-1984
Production Manager
Vice-President, Operations
Vice-President, Special Projects

THE HYPE BOX

ICEMAN (Limited Series) #1 — He was a charter member of the X-Men, and he currently belongs to the New Defenders. But in this four-issue limited series, he's on his own! And even with all his experience, he finds that being a super hero ain't all that easy! Who are White Light and The Pilot, and why are they causing all that trouble? Will Iceman finally get a date with the beautiful and mysterious Margo? The answers to these questions and more are brought to you by writer J.M. DEMATTEIS, penciler ALAN KUPPERBERG, and inker MIKE GUSTOVICH.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (Limited Series) #1 — This thrilling four-issue limited series follows right on the heels of the incredible events presented in the Dazzler Graphic Novel! Dazzler's powers are out of control! Anti-mutant hysteria is sweeping the country! Will the Beast be able to help her before something horrible happens? This impossible love story is written by ANN NOCENTI, pencilled by DON PERLIN, and inked by KIM DEMULDER.

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #18 — Face front, true believers! This amazing annual features the return of "The Man" readers around the world have been clamoring for! That's right, SMILING STAN LEE is back, scripting the tale of one of the most eventful days in Spidey's life! And when Daily Bugle publisher J. Jonah Jameson gets married, you just know that this will be a wedding that no one will ever forget! Read "The Scorpion Takes a Bride!" Plot by TOM DEFALCO. Breakdowns by RON FRENZ. Finishes by BOB LAYTON and JACKSON "BUTCH" GUICE. Script by STAN LEE! Excelsior!

CRASH RYAN (Limited Series) #1 — A new four-issue limited series with full process color from EPIC COMICS! Crash Ryan is introduced to the members of the United Airmen, who are battling the menace of The Doom! They use ultra-modern airships and futuristic technology in an age that never was but might have been. This unusual combination of pulp-fiction adventure and high-tech intrigue is brought to you by writer / artist RON HARRIS.

TIMESPIRITS #1 — A young Indian brave meets a time-travelling Sherman and learns of magic, monsters, and becoming a Man! Unique, tongue-in-cheek humor is combined with shrewd insight into human nature in this sideways adventure (who says you can only travel straight through time?). This EPIC COMICS series is by STEVEN PERRY, writer, and TOM YEATES, artist.

- ☐ **THE THING #18**
- ☐ **DAREDEVIL #213**
- ☐ **NEW MUTANTS #28**
- ☐ **MUPPETS TAKE MANHATTAN (Limited Series) #2**
- ☐ **MARVEL SUPER HEROES SECRET WARS (Limited Series) #8**
- ☐ **WEST COAST AVENGERS (Limited Series) #4**
- ☐ **MACHINE MAN (Limited Series) #3**
- ☐ **ICEMAN (Limited Series) #1** — The former X-Man gets his own series! See Hype Box.
- ☐ **BUCKAROO BANZAI (Limited Series) #1** — Beginning Marvel's adaptation of the science fiction adventure movie!
- ☐ **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (Limited Series) #1** — A mutant romance as only Marvel could do it! See Hype Box.
- ☐ **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #18** — Stan (the Man) Lee is back! See Hype Box.
- ☐ **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #259**
- ☐ **INDIANA JONES #34**
- ☐ **POWER PACK #6**
- ☐ **MICRONAUTS #3**
- ☐ **ALPHA FLIGHT #17**
- ☐ **DR. STRANGE #68**
- ☐ **KULL THE CONQUEROR #7**
- ☐ **DEFENDERS #138**
- ☐ **BLACK PANTHER (Limited Series) #2**
- ☐ **CAPTAIN AMERICA #300** — It's a battle to the death with the Red Skull!
- ☐ **ROM ANNUAL #3**
- ☐ **INCREDIBLE HULK #302**
- ☐ **CONAN THE BARBARIAN #168**
- ☐ **MARVEL TALES #170** — Reprinting "If This Be My Destiny" by STAN LEE and STEVE DITKO, from *Amazing Spider-Man #31*.
- ☐ **X-MEN #186**
- ☐ **ROM #61**
- ☐ **POWER MAN / IRON FIST #113**
- ☐ **G.I. JOE #39**
- ☐ **SHEENA OF THE JUNGLE (Limited Series) #1** — Featuring the Marvel adaptation of the jungle queen's own movie!
- ☐ **AVENGERS #280** — The East Coast and West Coast Avengers join forces in this double-sized issue!
- ☐ **FANTASTIC FOUR #273**
- ☐ **MARVEL TEAM-UP #148** — Featuring *Spider-Man* and the *Mighty Thor*.
- ☐ **IRON MAN #188**
- ☐ **PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #97**
- ☐ **THE LAST STARFIGHTER (Limited Series) #3**
- ☐ **STAR WARS #90**
- ☐ **SUB-MARINER (Limited Series) #4**
- ☐ **THOR #350** — The forger of the Sword of Doom arrives on Earth! Can even the mighty Thor stop him?
- ☐ **STARRIORS (Limited Series) #3**
- ☐ **KITTY PRYDE AND WOLVERINE (Limited Series) #2**
- ☐ **CONAN ANNUAL #9**
- ☐ **X-MEN ANNUAL #8**
- ☐ **DR. WHO #3**

MARVEL MAGAZINES

- ☐ **SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #108**
- ☐ **MARVEL AGE #21**

EPIC COMICS

- ☐ **DREADSTAR #14**
- ☐ **CRASH RYAN #1** — Adventure in a history that might have been! See Hype Box.
- ☐ **ALIEN LEGION #4**
- ☐ **SIX FROM SIRIUS #4**
- ☐ **TIME SPIRITS #1** — A different way to travel through time! See Hype Box.

ASSORTED GOODIES

- ☐ **SUPERSPECIAL #3: CONAN THE DESTROYER** — The complete Marvel adaptation of the second Conan movie! Written by MICHAEL FLEISHER. Art by JOHN BUSCEMA.

BUT FOR THOSE MORE DISTANT, THE END WILL COME MORE SLOWLY. IT WILL COME ONLY AFTER THE FLASH HAS BAKED AND THE BLOOD HAS BOILED AWAY. BUT COME IT WILL.
AND FOR THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN QUICK ENOUGH TO STAY AHEAD OF THE ROARING, SCORCHING TIDAL WAVE OF FIRE, FOR THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FIND SHELTER...
...THERE WILL BE LIFE.
IT APPEARS THAT ONLY TWO HAVE BEEN SO FORTUNATE.
THE HEAT! IT'S SUBSIDING. I THINK WE'VE MADE IT.
MY GOD! WHAT'S THAT SOUND? WHAT'S THAT HORRIBLE SOUND? METAL GRATING AGAINST METAL!
WHAT IS IT, MISTER JONES?!!
EEEE

EEEEEEEEEEEEKA-
VOOOOOOM!
AMIDST A DOWNPOUR OF DUST AND STONE, THE TWO SURVIVORS SEEK REFUGE IN ONE ANOTHER FROM THE BIZARRE STORM.
IT'S GONE! IT'S ALL GONE! WHAT COULD HAVE POSSIBLY BEEN THE PURPOSE OF ALL THIS?
WHY WOULD ANYONE CREATE A TRAP TO PROTECT SOMETHING, THEN HAVE IT LEAD TO THE DESTRUCTION OF THE THING IT WAS PROTECTING?
IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.
IT COULD BE THERE WAS ANOTHER WAY IN, OR, MAYBE THERE NEVER REALLY WAS A TREASURE. WHO KNOWS? KLEXX HAD HOLD OF SOMETHING BIG HERE, BIGGER THAN EVEN HIS GREED-DRIVEN MIND COULD IMAGINE.
HOW COULD A PEOPLE SO ANCIENT HAVE SUCH A DEVASTATING WEAPON?
I DON'T KNOW, JULIA. BUT I DO KNOW FROM MY OWN EXPERIENCE WITH THE OCCULT THAT NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE. WELL, ALMOST NOTHING.
THE OTHER SITES WOULD PROVIDE THE ANSWERS. BUT WITHOUT THE STONE TABLET, WE DON'T HAVE A CLUE AS TO WHERE THEY MIGHT BE.
21

SOMEDAY, I'LL FIND THOSE SITES! ONCE THEIR ANCIENT SECRETS ARE KNOWN, WE MIGHT HAVE CLUES TO ARCHAEOLOGICAL MYSTERIES THAT HAVE BAFFLED US FOR DECADES!
HMMMMM.
WHAT IS IT?
ALL THAT'S LEFT OF OUR FRIEND, KLEXX.
MISTER JONES, MY FOLKS WILL BE WORRIED SICK. DO YOU THINK WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE?
NO PROBLEM, KID. I'LL GET YOU HOME.
THE PLANE WILL BE BACK IN THE MORNING. REMEMBER? IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, I'D JUST AS SOON NOT WAIT HERE.
I'M ALL FOR THAT.
WHAT IS IT YOU DO, ANYWAY?
I'M A STUDENT AT BERKELEY. I WAS THINKING OF DROPPING OUT. MY FOLKS NEED HELP AT HOME. I'M ON A SCHOLARSHIP, BUT YOU KNOW, WITH THE DEPRESSION AND ALL...
I WANTED TO BE AN ARCHAEOLOGIST, BELIEVE IT OR NOT. BUT NOW I'M NOT SO SURE.
QUITTING WOULD BE A MISTAKE.
I SUPPOSE.
BEHIND THEM, A SHAKING, BLISTERED HAND REACHES OUT FROM THE DEPTHS OF HADES, SEEKING HOLINESS AND LIGHT. IT REACHES FOR A SYMBOL OF ITS OWN IDENTITY. SOMETHING INTACT, NOT TWISTED, BURNED AND BROKEN. IT IS PROPELLED BY A DARK, SINISTER FORCE, AT THE CENTER OF WHICH, LIES THE THING THAT IS MOST HATED BY GOOD MEN...
...RAW, UNBRIDLED, RAGING... EVIL!
NEXT MONTH: GOOD AS GOLD!